

Echoes of Awareness

— Series 2

*Reflections on Seeing,
Silence, and Truth*



Dr. P. V. Rao
Consultant Surgeon

Beyond the known

Preface

In a world where the mind is constantly driven by ambition, division, and the endless movement of becoming, there arises a gentle call to pause—to observe, to listen, and to see without the interference of thought. This book, *Echoes of Awareness Series - 2*, emerges from that timeless invitation.

The reflections contained within are not teachings, not doctrines, and not prescriptions for a better life. They are mirrors—offered not to guide, but to reveal; not to instruct, but to awaken the flame of seeing. In these verses, the reader is invited to encounter life directly, without the filters of belief, tradition, or authority.

Inspired by the insights of Jiddu Krishnamurti, these writings explore the nature of thought, the illusion of self, the burden of becoming, and the quiet sacredness that flowers when the mind is free from conflict. They seek not to add to the weight of accumulated knowledge, but to point towards the vast stillness that exists when the known dissolves.

True freedom, as Krishnamurti reminds us, is not in becoming something, but in the ending of the desire to become. In that ending, there is clarity. In that clarity, love is born—not as sentiment, but as pure attention, as compassion, as the intelligence of life itself.

I offer these reflections not as one who knows, but as one who observes. May the reader approach these pages not as a seeker searching for answers, but as a silent observer, open to what is.

Dr. P. V. Rao

Consultant Surgeon

Contents

<i>Introduction</i>	6
The Illusion of “I”	8
Brahman Is, I Am Not	12
The End of Separation	15
The Futility of Seeking	19
The Illusion of the Supreme Self	24
Art of observation	31
On Clarity	38
To Observe Is to Be Free	42
The Flame of Timeless Awareness	49
The Flame of True Freedom	54
The Sacredness of Not Becoming	61
The Mirror of Desire	67
The Mind That Is Free	73
The Flame of Intelligence	75
The Art of Listening	81
What Is Not Religion	85
Religion and Truth	89
The Flame of Discontent	92
The Room with the Narrow Window	96

The Whole Sky, Not the Spoke	100
Why Do You Want to Be Famous? (1)	103
Why Do You Want to Be Famous? (2)	106
The Flame That Has No Ambition	108
The Art of Seeing.....	112
The Mirror of the Mind	116
Like the Rain Upon the Dust.....	120
Let Love Do What It Will	124
The Joy of Being Together	129
Leave the Pool, Enter the River	133
The Beauty That Has No Mirror	137
The Flame That Learns Without Smoke.....	140
From Loneliness to the Flame of Being.....	143
The Beauty That Does Not Pluck.....	147
The Courage to See	151
When You See the Cobra	154
When You Want Something, It Is Not Love	157
The Seed of Conflict	160
The Veil of Yesterday.....	163
The Flame of Total Attention.....	166
True Revolution	169

The Silent Flame of Aloneness.....	172
The Ending of Violence	176
The Cage of the Known	179
The Death of Yesterday	182
The Silence Without Continuity.....	186
The Golden Path of Silence	189
The Dullness of a Preoccupied Mind	193
To Watch Without the Watcher.....	196
The End of Ambition.....	199
The Presence Without Concept.....	202
The Weight of Knowledge.....	204
When Thought Divides the Flesh	207
The Ending of the False	211
When Thought Touches the Timeless	213

Introduction

The mind of man has, for centuries, sought answers to the fundamental questions of existence: What is truth? What is freedom? What is love? In that search, we have invented belief systems, constructed religious traditions, and followed countless teachers — all in the hope of finding some lasting certainty.

Yet, as Jiddu Krishnamurti profoundly pointed out, truth is not to be found in the corridors of organized knowledge or in the structures of accumulated thought. Truth, he insisted, is a pathless land — something that can only be discovered when the mind is free from the authority of the known, free from psychological time, and free from the burden of becoming.

Echoes of Awareness Series - 2 is born from this understanding. These writings do not offer methods, systems, or conclusions. They are not meant to be studied for intellectual agreement or disagreement. Instead, they are invitations — quiet doorways into observation, into the direct seeing of life as it is, without the screen of judgment, desire, or fear.

In these pages, themes such as the illusion of the self, the movement of thought, the ending of conflict, choiceless awareness, and the sacred beauty of pure observation are

explored in a poetic yet direct way. The reader is encouraged not to follow the words, but to look beyond them; not to collect ideas, but to see freshly, for oneself.

It is my deepest intention that these reflections serve not as teachings, but as gentle companions in the inward journey of seeing. In that seeing, there is a profound silence — a silence that holds within it immeasurable freedom, compassion, and intelligence.

May the reader approach these pages not to acquire, but simply to observe. In that very observation, perhaps something beyond words may unfold.

Dr. P. V. Rao
Consultant Surgeon

POEM – 1

The Illusion of “I”

“I” —

this tiny pronoun we worship,
this centre of craving and conflict,
does not exist in truth.
It is a shadow born of thought,
a whisper echoing in the chamber of memory.

In the stillness before language,
before the division of sound and silence,
there was only the vast —
unnameable, indivisible —
the One without a second.

With the birth of words,
with the evolution of thought,
the illusion of separateness took root.
A boundary was drawn where none was,
and from this boundary emerged the “me,”
the observer, the seeker, the sufferer.

But the thinker is the thought.
The observer is the observed.
There is no thinker apart from thought,
no soul apart from memory.

And thought, however noble it may appear —
even if clothed in the robes of Buddha,
even if speaking in the voice of Christ —
is still of time,
still born of the known.

Thought is the past pursuing the future,
a movement of fragmentation.
It can build temples and invent gods,
but it cannot touch the sacred.

Action born of thought
may bring order,
may bring temporary good—
but it is not holy.
It is entangled in motive,
in fear, in reward.

But action that arises from silence—
not cultivated, not rehearsed,
but spontaneous like the bloom of a flower—
is of a different dimension.
It is whole.
It is free.

Such action comes
not from knowledge,
but from seeing;
not from effort,
but from understanding.

In the deep stillness of the mind,
when thought no longer interferes,
there arises a flame—
not of this world.

That flame is love.
That flame is compassion.
That flame is intelligence—
untouched by thought,
unspoiled by time.

And in that flame,
there is no “I,”
no seeker, no teacher,
no path,
no goal.

There is only Brahman—
the source and ending of all that is,
the eternal silence
from which all things come
and to which all things return.

POEM – 2

Brahman Is, I Am Not.

I am not the “I” that thought has named—
Not the mask worn by time,
Nor the shadow cast by memory’s flame.

Life is not mine—it is.
Brahman, unbroken, indivisible,
Breathes through the silence of all things.

Thought, the cunning craftsman,
Builds temples, nations, and names;
It divides the indivisible—
Measures love, sculpts gods,
And calls the fragments whole.

But thought is time,
And time is sorrow.
In its movement,
There is always becoming,
Never being.

The world we know—this crowded stage
Of roles, rituals, and reasons—
Is but a reflection in the mirror of mind.
A waking dream,
Woven by the weaver called “me.”

Choiceless awareness sees this—
Without reaction, without judgment.
It does not choose, it does not reject.
It simply sees.
And in that seeing, the false dissolves.

Truth is not to be sought,
For seeking belongs to time.
Truth is—
When the seeker is silent,
When the known is no longer carried
Like a burden of centuries.

In that stillness,
Where thought does not stir,
There shines the light
That was never lit by man.

A flame without residue,
A love without object,
A presence without a centre.

That is the Real.
That is the Sacred.
That is Brahman—
Not yours, not mine—
But what is,
When the mind is free.

POEM – 3

The End of Separation

A mind trained to think in names,
to draw lines between what is and what should be,
is a mind taught to divide,
to break the world into isolated parts—
into “I” and “you”,
“mine” and “not mine”.

This mind, conditioned to believe in its uniqueness,
its solitude,
its personal journey,
has lost the spark of creation—
for the very root of its thinking is separation,
and all separation breeds conflict.

As long as we see ourselves
as fragments in opposition,
as individual souls trapped in skin and memory,
we will battle one another—
with words or weapons,

in silence or in speech.

This root illusion—

that we are fundamentally different,

cut off, alone—

must be looked at, not as an idea,

but as an actuality,

as a structure built by centuries of thought.

Strip away the name,

the form, the conditioning—

what remains?

You are not other than the one life,

not apart from the tree,

not different from the river's flow.

You are the total movement—

not in poetry or belief,

but in living truth.

When you see this,

not with your intellect,

not as something to agree with—

but with the clarity of a flame

that shows all without distortion—
then the centre collapses.
The “me,”
that shadow of thought,
vanishes.

And in that vanishing,
there is no joining,
because there were never two to begin with.
You are not united with the sky—
you are sky,
not in essence or metaphor,
but in being.

In that vast silence
where the observer has ceased,
the observed is no longer separate.
There is only the act of seeing.
There is only what is.

The body becomes the earth,
the air, the bird’s cry,
the stillness of a distant star.

Not because “you are everything,”—
which is still a statement from thought—
but because there is no you.

All boundaries have collapsed.

What remains is not unity—
for unity suggests two things brought together.
What remains is wholeness:
indivisible, untouched by the mind,
eternal and sacred.

POEM – 4

The Futility of Seeking

We seek.

From the moment we can remember,
we are told to search—
for God, for truth, for love,
for meaning in the shadows of time.

We climb the ladders of belief,
walk the roads of discipline,
knock on the doors of temples,
and bow before the statues of memory.

But have we ever stopped to ask:
why do we seek at all?
What is this aching restlessness,
this hunger that refuses to die?

We are taught that we lack something—
that truth is far away,
that God is above,

that love is to be earned.

And so, we become pilgrims
in a desert of our own making,
chasing illusions cast by thought.

But the very act of seeking
is the veil that hides the real.

For to seek is to project—
to say, “I am here and truth is there,”
to imagine distance,
to create time,
to stand in duality.

And in that very movement,
you separate yourself from what is.

Truth is not something to be found—
it is not an object,
not an attainment,
not a reward.

It is what remains

when all seeking ends.

To seek is to affirm the seeker—
and as long as the seeker exists,
truth cannot be.

Thought tells you to strive—
to become, to improve, to follow,
to meditate with method,
to purify with effort.

But thought, being the past,
cannot touch the eternal.
It can describe, imagine, long for—
but never see.

The sacred is not the goal.
It is the background of all being.
It is the stillness that exists
when the mind has emptied itself
of conclusions, of pursuits, of identity.

In that silence,
there is no observer left.

There is no experiencer waiting to receive.

There is no self to be enlightened.

There is only what is—

whole, unknowable, present.

Love, then, is not a thing to be acquired.

It arises when the “me” is absent.

It is not personal, not emotional—

it is the fragrance of total stillness.

The Divine is not beyond the stars.

It is in the cry of a child,

in the rustle of a tree,

in the breath between thoughts.

To look, to listen,

without the filter of thought,

without naming or possessing—

that is sacred.

You are not a seeker.

You are not a fragment of soul

searching for completion.

The search itself is the illusion.

The end of seeking

is the beginning of seeing.

And in that seeing,

in that effortless clarity,

truth is.

POEM – 5

The Illusion of the Supreme Self

The ancient mind,
in its longing for something permanent,
for something untouched by decay,
gave birth to the Atman—
the higher self,
the eternal witness,
the divine centre within.

A beautiful idea,
ancient, revered—
but still an idea.
Still a creation of thought,
woven out of centuries of fear,
desire, and escape.

For what is thought?
A response of memory,
a movement of the known,
the past echoing itself

and calling it eternal.
And thought,
however sacred it may appear,
is never free.
It is limited,
mechanical,
rooted in time.

Yet we believe.
We worship the inventions of thought,
paint them on the ceilings of temples,
chant them in the language of devotion,
and kneel before our own projections.

So subtle is this deception—
the self disguised as the higher self,
the “I” reborn as spirit.

We call it divine
because it offers continuity.
We call it sacred
because it protects us from the truth.

And what is that truth?
Strip yourself—
not slowly, not methodically,
but completely—
of all belief,
of all experience,
of all authority and conclusion.

Let go of every name you've given yourself,
every image you've built,
every hope you've nurtured in silence.

And what remains?

Nothing.

Not the cosmic self,
not the immortal soul,
not some subtle light within.

Just emptiness.

Just silence.

And that emptiness—
you fear it.
You recoil from it.
Not because it is dangerous,
but because it cannot be known.
It cannot be held.
It offers no comfort,
no identity.

So, you run—
to relationship,
to belief,
to activity,
to the endless accumulation of knowledge.

You fill the void with movement,
with noise,
with the illusion of becoming.

But the void remains.

Can the mind observe this emptiness—
this unshaped silence—

and not escape?

Not name it,

not analyse it,

not seek meaning in it?

Can it stay with the nothingness

as it is—

without resistance,

without motive?

To remain with emptiness

is the end of becoming.

It is to die

to everything you have clung to—

to every idea of the self,

to every image of God.

And in that dying,

there is a new beginning.

Not a becoming,

but a being.

Not a goal,

but a vast presence
without boundary,
without centre.

Then, the silence is no longer empty.
It is full—
not of things,
but of awareness.
Of a stillness
that has no cause,
no direction.

In that stillness,
there is no observer.
There is no division
between thought and that which is seen.
There is only seeing.

And what is seen
is not God,
not truth,
not the infinite—
for all these are still names.

What is seen
is the end of separation.

That which remains
when there is no one to seek it,
is sacred.

Not the Atman.
Not the “higher self.”
But the nameless,
the immeasurable,
the vast intelligence
of life itself.

It cannot be described.
It cannot be possessed.
It cannot be remembered.

It is.

And only the mind that is utterly still,
empty of all fabrication,
can come upon it.

POEM – 6

Art of observation

Have you ever stood before the Himalayas—
not passed by,
not captured them in a photograph,
but truly stood
in stillness,
in silence,
and watched?

Watched without interpretation,
without saying,
“How grand,”
“How serene,”
“How ancient.”

Watched without the lens of thought.

There they stand—
towering in still majesty,
not moving, not striving,

untouched by praise or passing cloud.
Their snow-capped peaks
kissed by the first golden breath of dawn,
their vast slopes
gathering shadows like prayers
falling into deep, unknowable valleys.

And if you stand long enough,
still enough,
something begins to shift—
not in the mountain,
but in you.

The movement within—
the chattering of memory,
the pulling of desire,
the restless grasp of identity—
it begins to slow,
like wind that runs out of reason.

You do not command this quiet.
It is not the product of discipline.
It comes because the watcher

is no longer watching.
There is just the mountain—
and the silence between.

And suddenly,
without plan or promise,
you are not apart from it.

You are not observing beauty—
you are that vastness.
Not metaphorically,
but factually.

The stillness of the mountain
becomes your stillness.
The immovability of its presence
becomes your being.

No longer seeking,
no longer measuring,
the mind reflects the mountain—
immense, unbroken,
beyond time.

And in that reflection,
all division ends.

You are not “someone”
watching “something.”
The watcher is gone.
There is only observation—
pure, quiet, sacred.

The mind,
in that moment,
is no longer burdened
by becoming.

It is no longer striving
for understanding,
no longer seeking
states of peace,
no longer longing
for the divine.

It simply is.

And in that simplicity,
meditation is born.

Not practiced,
not planned—
but arising naturally
like a flower in a field
that no one planted.

True meditation begins there—
in the effortless stillness
of a mind that does not know,
that does not want,
that does not cling.

In that silence,
you do not escape the world—
you become it.
Not in identity,
but in being.

You are the snow,
the stone,

the sky,
the shadow.

You are not separate from that which you see—
because the “you”
that divided
is gone.

Only presence remains.

And that presence
is the sacred.

It is not in rituals,
not in scriptures,
not in mantras repeated by habit.

It is here—
in the undisturbed depth
of pure observation.

So, stand before the mountain.
Not to conquer it,

not to photograph it,
not to admire it—
but to vanish into it.

Let the mind be still
as the Himalayas.
Let it be empty
of all movement.

Then, and only then,
do you know
what it means
to see.

And in that seeing—
in that sacred silence—
life flowers
without centre,
without boundary,
without self.

POEM – 7

On Clarity

Clarity is not a goal,
not something to strive for
or cultivate through will.
It cannot be achieved
by discipline,
by practice,
or by the noise of becoming.

It is not the fruit of control—
not the taming of thought,
nor the mastery of the mind.

Clarity comes
when thought is understood,
not resisted.

When its movement is seen
without judgment,
without the desire to change it—

only then does it slow,
like a bird returning to its nest
at dusk.

The mind becomes quiet—
not because it is made to be so,
but because there is nothing
to agitate it.

Like a lake
growing still
as the wind falls away,
clarity arises
in that silence.

Not silence created by the ego,
not silence born of effort—
but silence that comes
when the self is absent.

Then the mind
is like clear water—
reflecting what is

without distortion.

This clarity

is not of the intellect.

It is not thought arranged neatly.

It is not logic perfected.

It is not born of belief,

nor of conclusion.

It is direct.

It is whole.

It is immediate.

It does not ask,

“Is this right or wrong?”

It simply sees—

with a light that is not borrowed.

And in that seeing,

there is no confusion.

There is no conflict.

There is no “me”

interpreting what is seen.

There is only

what is.

And in that pure perception,
truth reveals itself—
not your truth,
not my truth,
but truth
that has no name,
no opposite,
no boundary.

It is there,
in the stillness
between two thoughts,
in the quiet
that is not sought,
but discovered.

To be with that silence,
to watch without choosing,
to listen without accumulating—
that is clarity.
And in that clarity,
the sacred begins.

POEM – 8

To Observe Is to Be Free

Have you ever watched yourself—
not thought about yourself,
but truly watched?

There is a vast difference
between thinking about the self
and observing the self.

Thinking says,
“I must improve,
I must become,
I am progressing,
I should be more,
or less.”

Thought draws a circle around the self—
“I want better food,
a better house,
more love,

more meaning,
more enlightenment.”
Even the monk, in his silence,
thinks of himself—
only in different robes.

This is the movement of time,
the me stretched across memory
toward a hopeful tomorrow.

It is the mind going in circles,
ever refining the ego,
ever naming, measuring,
and dividing.

But observation—
that is entirely different.

To observe is to be still,
not to direct, not to judge.
It is to look without the word,
without the noise of what you already know.

Can you look at a mountain
and not call it “mountain”?
Can you see the sky
without the veil of “sky”?
Can you look at your wife,
your child, your neighbour,
without the image memory has woven?

To observe is to see
without naming,
without reacting,
without clinging to labels
like “this is good,” “that is evil,”
“He is this,” “she is that.”

The brain is caught
in a network of words.
Language cages perception—
“He is British,”
“She is spiritual,”
“They are wrong,”
“This is mine.”

And in those cages,
we never see the bird,
only the name of the bird.

The mind, conditioned by years of naming,
responds to the label,
not to the thing.

But to watch—
is to break the label.

To watch a balloon rising in the sky,
and not say,
“How lovely,”
“How dangerous,”
“I wish I were there”—
but simply to watch—
is to be present.

In that presence,
there is no centre,
no image,
no opinion.

To observe,
you must bring your whole attention—
to every movement of thought,
every flicker of reaction.

Not to control it,
not to suppress it,
but to see it.

To see each thought
as it arises,
without chasing the next.

This is not self-centred watching.
It is not the “I” observing the “me.”
That is still thought dividing itself.

To observe purely
is to observe without the “I.”

And then,
a strange thing happens.
Time disappears.

The watcher dissolves.
There is only perception,
without past,
without future.

When you say,
“I must change,”
“I must become observant,”
you are still caught
in the movement of time,
in the shadow of the self.

But when you simply see,
without motive,
without direction,
there is no movement,
only seeing.

And that seeing
is beyond time.

In that timeless awareness,
the self is not.

There is no centre from which you observe.

There is no observer at all.

Only the observed.

And in that observation—
in that silent, sacred attention—
truth is.

Not your truth,
not my truth,
but truth—
beyond the cages of word,
beyond the fences of thought.

To observe
is to be free.

POEM – 9

The Flame of Timeless Awareness

When you observe—
not with the eyes of thought,
not with the past echoing in every glance—
but with silence,
with stillness,
something extraordinary happens.

Time disappears.

Not the clock on the wall,
not the sun's arc across the sky—
but psychological time,
the endless becoming,
the chase of “what should be.”

That time ends.

You are no longer bound
to the story of “I was,”

or the dream of “I will be.”

There is only this moment—

not captured,

not held,

but lived without grasping.

You see a flower,

a falling leaf,

a passing face,

and you do not name,

you do not measure.

You simply see.

In that seeing,

there is no past self to compare,

no future self to perfect—

only presence,

whole and indivisible.

The watcher is not separate from the watched.

The division between “me” and “what is”

ceases to exist.

And when there is no division,
there is no conflict.

When there is no centre,
there is no resistance.

Observation without time
is love—
not the sentiment,
not attachment,
but the flame that burns
in attention itself.

To see without time
is to end the self.
And in that ending,
there is a beginning
which is not of thought.

This is not a state to be achieved,
not a goal to be reached tomorrow.
To seek it
is to lose it.

It is here,
now,
when the mind
is utterly still—
not made still,
but silent because it understands.

Time breeds the self.
And the self,
with its fears and hopes,
is the root of all becoming.

But when the mind sees this,
not as theory,
but in the light of direct perception—
then time ends.

And where time ends,
truth begins.

That truth is not relative.
It is not yours or mine.

It is not found in scriptures,
nor in the words of the wise.

It is revealed
only when the mind
is completely free of movement.

In that stillness,
there is no longer an observer.
Only observation remains.

That observation is timeless.
And in that timelessness,
there is sacredness—
a presence beyond description,
beyond belief,
beyond the self.

To observe without time
is the doorway
to the whole of life.

POEM – 10

The Flame of True Freedom

Have you ever watched
the sky catch fire at sunset—
the western light dissolving
into the shy silver arc of the moon?
The river stills,
and the stars begin to whisper.

In that hour,
if your mind is quiet—
not forced to be quiet,
but truly still—
you begin to see.

To observe beauty,
the mind must be free
of preoccupation—
free of worry, of planning,
free from becoming.

It is only in such stillness
that true perception begins.
And perhaps in that very seeing,
we come upon a different kind of freedom.

Freedom is not
doing what you like.
That, you do anyway.

Freedom is not
merely walking away,
rebellious for the sake of rebellion,
or escaping responsibility
through defiance or distraction.

Nor is freedom found
in gaining position,
in collecting praise,
in becoming successful
in the eyes of the world.

Many are independent—
few are free.

Freedom

is the absence of fear.

It is a mind untouched

by the need to become.

It is intelligence—

not the cleverness of thought,

but the clarity that comes

when you begin to understand

your whole environment:

The voice of your culture,

the pressure of your religion,

the weight of your family name,

the constant whisper of “you must become.”

You conform,

not out of understanding,

but out of fear:

fear of being nothing,

fear of being left behind,

fear of not being loved.

But the moment you wish to be somebody,
you are no longer free.

Do you see this?

Freedom is not in being virtuous,
nor in being powerful.

Freedom is not in sainthood.

The one who desires to be spiritual
is still caught in the net of becoming.

But the one who sees
the absurdity of all this—
truly sees it,
with a heart that is innocent,
without the urge to be somebody—
such a one is free.

To be free
is to see what you are
without escaping from it.
Not to become noble,
but to observe
your envy, your fear, your ambition—
as they are.

This is the beginning
of real intelligence.

You are told to be like someone else.

Your parents, your teachers, your society
want you to succeed,
to amount to something,
to follow a path already laid.

But imitation
is not freedom.

Education,
if it has any meaning,
must help you to be free—
not to imitate,
not to follow,
not to become,
but to see.

To see your conditioning,
to question every voice
that tells you what you should be,

to stand alone,
clear, without fear.

This alone is the revolution
that matters—
not in the streets,
not in the systems,
but in the heart.

Revolt
against the desire to become.
Revolt
against the tyranny of tradition.
Revolt
against the cage of identity.

Only then
can a new world be born—
not shaped by an idealist,
not carved from belief,
but born in freedom
from moment to moment.

And in that flame of freedom,
there is beauty,
there is love,
there is intelligence.
Not the intelligence of ambition,
but the intelligence
of wholeness.

POEM – 11

The Sacredness of Not Becoming

From childhood,
we are taught to become—
to shape ourselves
into what the world admires,
what tradition demands,
what fear invents.

You must improve, they say.
You must rise above yourself.
Be like the saints.
Be successful.
Be better than who you are.

But to become
is to live in time—
to carry the burden
of what you were
and the dream
of what you might be.

Becoming
is the root of sorrow.

The mind that says,
“I will be wise,”
“I will be free,”
“I will be good,”
is always postponing
the present into the future—
and so never lives.

But there is a sacredness
in not becoming anything.

To be still—
not stagnant,
but choicelessly aware
of what is—
without moving away from it,
without transforming it,
without condemning or justifying.

Can you look at yourself

as you are—
with all your contradictions,
your fears,
your loneliness,
your longing—
and not want to change it?

Can you watch a thought arise,
a desire burn,
an image form—
and not follow it,
not suppress it,
not say,
“This should not be”?

In that watching,
without motive,
without direction,
a strange thing happens.

You begin to see
the whole movement of becoming
for what it is—

a veil,
a distraction,
an escape from the fact.
And when you see that completely,
without resistance,
without effort—
it ends.

In that ending,
a stillness is born.

Not made,
not cultivated—
but arising naturally
like dawn from darkness.

And in that stillness,
there is no self to improve.
No ego to refine.
No higher self to reach.

There is only being.

Being—not as an idea,
not as an identity,
but as presence,
as clarity,

as attention
without centre.

This state is not passive.
It is alive,
sensitive,
trembling with beauty.

It is the ground of sacredness—
not the sacredness of belief,
not of gods or rituals,
but of that which is whole,
untouched by thought.

To not become
is to discover
the truth of now.

And in that discovery,
life flowers—
free,
unmeasured,
complete.

POEM – 12

The Mirror of Desire

You see—

a shape,

a face,

a movement of colour in sunlight.

And in that seeing,

sensation arises.

Then the mind reaches as

thought and word

and desire is born.

This is the beginning:

seeing,

touching,

tasting,

thought intruding —

and wanting more.

Desire whispers,

“I must have,”

“I must become,”

“I must be.”

You want the car,
the lover,
the robe of the saint,
the throne of power,
or the silence of the sage.

And then,
comes the conflict.

You reach,
but the world resists.
You grasp,
but it slips away.
And in that friction—
sorrow begins.

So, you ask,
“How can I be free of desire?”

But look carefully—
this asking
is still desire.

The desire to be free
is the desire to escape pain,
to hold only the pleasure,
to strip the fire
of its heat
and keep only its light.

Do you see this?

You do not seek
freedom from desire—
you seek freedom
from the consequences of desire.

You do not want to be empty—
you want to be at peace,
without losing the thrill.

But to understand desire
is not to suppress it.

It is not to renounce,
nor to run.

It is to observe.
To watch it rise
from the depths of sensation,
to see how thought
feeds it, shapes it,
calls it noble,
calls it divine.
To see how desire
dresses itself
in spiritual robes—
and walks into temples
seeking heaven.

Desire does not end
by force,
by discipline,
by retreat into silence.

It ends
when you see it completely—

without judgment,
without resistance,
without escape.

And to see it so
is to be still.

Not to fight,
not to conquer—
but to see.

Then, desire has no hold.
Not because you resist it,
but because you understand it.

The moment you see
that ambition is corruption,
you do not renounce ambition—
you are free of it.

When you see that power
in any form
is poison,
you do not need to fight it—
you no longer drink from its cup.

And so,
goodness is not the opposite of evil.
It is not born from conflict.
It appears only
when the false has ended.
To be free of desire
is not to kill it—
but to understand its movement
without fear,
without reward.

In that watching,
something ends.
And in that ending—
something sacred
begins.

POEM – 13

The Mind That Is Free

— A Reflective Prelude

A free mind does not conform.
It does not obey from fear,
nor follow out of habit.
It does not imitate holiness,
nor cling to the security of belief.

It watches, it listens,
it questions—
not to find what is comfortable,
but to see what is true.

Such a mind does not settle in conclusions.
It is never satisfied with secondhand answers.
It does not gather knowledge
to become something,
but moves without accumulation,
without identity.

It is still—
not by control,
but by understanding.

It is silent—
not by suppression,
but by seeing completely.

This mind is not driven by ambition,
nor shaped by tradition.
It does not seek to be free—
it is free,
because it is awake.

And in that freedom,
there is intelligence—
alive, untamed,
and sacred.

POEM – 14

The Flame of Intelligence

What is intelligence?

Let us not answer too quickly.

Let us go slowly,

not to define,

but to discover.

To find out

is not to conclude.

And the moment you conclude,

you have stopped learning.

The moment you say,

“This is intelligence,”

you cease to be intelligent.

The mind that clings to a definition—

however subtle, however sacred—

is a mind already closing its door.

So, we begin with a simple seeing:

an intelligent mind never concludes.

It does not hold to belief,
for belief is a conclusion
warmed by habit,
fed by fear.

Intelligence is not content
with explanation.

It does not say,
“This sounds reasonable,”
or “That is what I have read.”
It moves without anchorage—
alert, alive, anew

It is not satisfied with secondhand answers.
It does not seek comfort in the words of the wise.

Intelligence is inquiry.
It is the flame that questions everything—
society, God, tradition, the self.

To inquire deeply
is to walk alone,

to go beyond the safety
of conformity and imitation.

Intelligence is not knowledge.
You may read every book,
memorize every scripture,
quote the sages,
and still not be intelligent.

For knowledge is memory,
and memory is old.
But intelligence is ever new—
a light that burns only
in the present moment.

It arises only
when the mind is free—
free of fear,
free of authority,
free of becoming.

You are the world.
Your mind is not separate

from all that humanity has known.

To understand yourself deeply

is to understand mankind.

And that understanding

is not in textbooks,

not in systems,

but in relationship—

to people,

to things,

to thought itself.

Where fear ends,

intelligence begins.

And when fear ends,

something else appears—

a fragrance,

a tenderness,

a lightness of being.

That something is love.

Not the love of possession,
not the love of pleasure,
but the love
that comes with the absence of fear.

So, intelligence
is not the clever mind,
not the mind that achieves,
but the mind that sees.

It sees the whole,
without judgment,
without fragmentation.

To ask,
“What is intelligence?”
is to ask,
“What is life?”

And life cannot be caught
in a single phrase.
It is the play, the pain,
the beauty, the sorrow,

the striving, the stillness,
the desire to be,
and the ending of desire.

To live is to learn,
and to learn is to never arrive.

The flame of intelligence
is in the mind
that is forever watching—
Choicelessly without accumulation,
Without fear.

POEM – 15

The Art of Listening

Why do you listen—
to agree,
to be soothed,
to collect another idea?
Or do you listen
to discover—
not what pleases you,
but what is?

To listen is not to agree,
nor to judge,
nor to decorate thought.
It is to be still—
so still
that even the whisper of a falling leaf
is heard.

In that stillness,
not cultivated,

not controlled—
but arising from wonder—
the mind is free.
It listens not to one thing,
but to all:
the cowbell far off,
the train in the night,
the cry of a child,
the silence of your own heart.

And from that total listening,
truth blossoms
without effort,
without intention.

You seek happiness—
in the mirror,
in your exam,
in marriage,
in temples built on fear,
in the echo of saints.
You seek it in becoming,
in possessing,

in achieving.

And so, you miss it.

Happiness does not come

when you search.

It comes—

when you are not looking.

It appears unasked,

in a quiet walk,

in the light through the trees,

when the mind,

untouched by ambition,

no longer wants to become.

It is there

when fear is absent.

Not because you have conquered fear,

but because

you have seen its futility.

To be educated

is not to conform,

not to obey the old,
not to polish manners
while the world burns.
It is to understand life—
its sorrow,
its joy,
its silence.

To live is not to survive.
To live
is to love without thought,
to see without a name,
to listen without resistance.

This is the beginning of intelligence.
This is the seed of joy.

POEM – 16

What Is Not Religion

They ask—

Is not the worship of God
true religion?

But let us begin nearer,
with what is not.
For only a mind
that sees clearly what is false
can begin to touch
what may be true.

Ceremonies, repeated in shadows,
are not religion.

Rituals passed down
like worn-out coins,
echoing words without meaning,
are not sacred.

You perform them for comfort,
for tradition,

but they do not awaken
the flame of understanding.

Temples, with their carved idols—
symbols born of man's hand,
of man's fear—
are not sacred.

The statue is not the eternal.
The symbol is not the source.
The name is not the thing named.

And belief?
Belief divides.
Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist—
each claiming a path,
each clinging to identity.
Belief is second-hand truth—
inherited, imposed, unexamined.
And what divides
cannot be the whole.

Where there is fear,
there is imitation.

Where there is imitation,
there is no freedom.
And without freedom,
can there be truth?

True religion
is not found in books or bells,
in altars or arguments,
in chants or chains of devotion.
It is not found
in following a guru,
nor in the desire
to become holy.

True religion begins
when the mind,
like a window long clouded,
is swept clean—
of belief, of symbol,
of ritual, of repetition.
Only then
is there clarity.

And in that clarity—
not of thought,
but of choiceless awareness—
something else flowers.
A stillness without effort.
A sacredness not made by man.
A presence beyond names,
beyond fear,
beyond the temple and the prayer.

That is religion—
not what you believe,
but what you see
when the self is absent,
and silence speaks.

POEM – 17

Religion and Truth

Religion is not found
In the whisper of mantras,
Nor in the solemn echo of temple bells,
Nor in scriptures wrapped in gold leaf
Passed hand to trembling hand.

It is not in the polished stone,
Nor in the painted deity,
Nor in the faithful routine
Of ceremonies worn thin by repetition.

Belief is not truth—
It divides, confines, blinds.
One man's God becomes another's enemy,
And in the shadow of dogma,
Love withers.

Religion is not the memory of saints,
Not the echo of old sayings,

Not the garment of tradition
That conceals fear and longing.
But when the mind is emptied
Of every image,
Of every word carved by time,
Of every desire to become—

When the heart no longer kneels
Before authority or symbol—
There, in that silence,
Dwells the sacred.

Truth is not reached,
It is not followed,
It is not taught.
It is seen—
When the mind no longer seeks.

Religion is the flame
That burns the false,
The quiet negation
That reveals the whole.

In that stillness,
Where nothing is sought,
Nothing is held,
Truth shines—
Not yours, not mine—
But that which simply is.

POEM – 18

The Flame of Discontent

Have you ever sat in utter stillness,
Back straight, without a twitch or turn—
And watched the restless mind,
As one watches the river's flow?

Not to control,
Not to judge,
But to see—
To see thought leaping,
Like a leaf on flowing water.

Listen—
Not just to the singer,
But to the silence between the tones.
To the cry of a child,
The rustle of leaves,
The hum of distant bells—
Can you hear without naming?

In that silent listening
Lies a joy untaught—
Not from gods or rituals,
But in the very breath of being.

Have you looked—truly looked—
Into the face of another
Without fear, without mask,
Without the layers of self-protection?

We all wear veils,
Hiding behind the walls of sorrow,
Longing, ambition, and hope.
But to smile, to meet a gaze unafraid,
Is to know what it means to be light,
To be gay, without cause.

And what is discontent?
Not the petty hunger for more,
Not the ache for status, for title, for position—
But the sacred revolt against what is.

True discontent burns—
It questions, it inquires,
It refuses the narcotic of conformity.

Do not fear it.
Do not smother it in gurus, rituals,
Pleasures, or distractions.

Feed it.
Let it become flame.
Let it sing through your bones
With a joy that does not belong to tomorrow.

For only in that flame,
Where thought does not seek gain,
And fear has no home,
Can there be initiative—
That root of creation,
That birth of clarity.

Creativeness is not just the painting,
The poem, the song—
But the mind in full revolt

Against the known.

To live without tether,

Without prejudice,

Without reaching for result—

That is to live in clear thought.

And in such clarity,

Where discontent is not desire,

But depth—

Joy arises, not summoned,

Truth appears, not sought,

And the whole of life—

Becomes the flame.

POEM – 19

The Room with the Narrow Window

We live in a little room—
walls painted with borrowed beliefs,
a narrow window cracked open to the sky,
and from this slit,
we try to understand the whole of life.

We look at a single spoke
and claim to know the wheel.
We trace a curve on canvas
and name it the river,
never wading into its depths,
never walking its green and trembling banks.

We are taught to prepare—
for marriage, for money,
for puja and praise,
for gods of clay
and rituals made of fear.

But what is life
when seen only in fragments?
What is understanding
when rooted in routine?

To know life,
you must leave the room.
Not physically,
but inwardly—
leave the room of ambition,
of comfort and conclusions.

Step beyond the symbols,
beyond the formulas,
beyond the temples and their chants.

Love is the only door.

Not the love in stories,
not divine abstractions,
not the ache to possess or be possessed—
but the love of a breeze,
of a bird's song at dawn,

of a tree you planted
because it needed shade.

To love is to see.
To see wholly—
without judgment,
without measuring gain.

Without love,
you will grow rich in things
but inwardly hollow—
a face in a mirror with no eyes behind it.

Fame will then call you,
not as joy,
but as escape.

Why do we long to be known?
Because we do not know ourselves.
Because in the absence of love,
we seek applause to fill the silence within.

But applause fades.

Possessions rust.

The room crumbles.

And if you have never left it—

if you have never walked

into the sky without a map,

into love without fear—

then you will have only ashes to hold

when the last page turns.

Leave now.

Look not from the window—

but through the whole sky.

POEM – 20

The Whole Sky, Not the Spoke

You looked at a spoke
and called it the wheel.
You touched a shadow
and thought you held the sun.

From a corner,
you tried to see the vast.
But how can the vastness be known
by one who fears to leave the room?

You were taught to obey,
to conform, to repeat.
You memorized meanings,
but never met the meaning.

You sought God in stone,
truth in tradition,
love in longing,
and peace in possession—

but these are fragments
of the whole that cannot be grasped.
The spoke spins within the wheel,
but is not the wheel.
The window shows a view,
but is not the sky.

To know,
you must un-know.

To see,
you must empty the eye
of all it hopes to see.

Step out—
not in rebellion,
but in stillness.
Not in defiance,
but with wonder.

Leave behind
the narrow doorways of becoming,
the shrines of borrowed truths.

Walk into the sky
without seeking stars.
There is a silence
that does not come from effort.
There is a flame
that burns without smoke.

And when you stand
in that stillness—
not as seeker,
not as scholar,
but as one who simply sees—

then the whole sky
is within you,
and you are not the spoke,
but the motionless centre
from which the wheel turns.

POEM – 21

Why Do You Want to Be Famous? (1)

Why do you want to be known—
by many, by the world,
to have your name whispered
in the corridors of admiration?

Is it because you are afraid
of being nothing?

You chase the echo
so, you may forget the silence,
build a pedestal
so, you may not see
how empty the self has become.

Fame is the glittering dust
that covers the hollowness within—
a mask, a spotlight,
but never the light.

You shape an image
and worship it.
You become the prisoner
of what others think you are.

Is fame love?
Is it truth?
Can it heal sorrow?
Can it give you peace
when the heart is heavy
with fear and loneliness?

To want to be something
is the beginning of corruption.
Not political,
not financial—
but inward.

You compare,
you compete,
you climb—
but to where?
The tree does not want

to be taller than the sky.

The river does not boast
of being long.

They are what they are—
silent, clear,
in their being,
complete.

To be nothing
is not despair,
it is freedom.

To live without becoming,
without craving recognition—
that is the true flowering of the self
which is not self-made.

So, ask not how to be famous,
but why you desire it.
And in seeing the false
without resistance—
the truth is born.

POEM – 22

Why Do You Want to Be Famous? (2)

Why do you want to be seen,
applauded, remembered—
etched in the memory of the many?

Is it because,
deep within,
you do not see yourself at all?

Fame is the cry of emptiness
wanting to be filled—
not with silence,
but with echoes of admiration.

You wish to be somebody,
and in that becoming,
you lose the beauty
of simply being.

The famous man
is still afraid—
afraid of fading,
afraid of being forgotten,
afraid of being
nothing.

But only in nothingness
is there clarity,
freedom,
and love.

To be unknown,
to walk quietly,
to do without a name—
there lies the sacredness
that no photograph can capture,
no stage can offer.

The truly wise
do not seek to be seen—
they see.

POEM – 23

The Flame That Has No Ambition

We dream of changing the world,
but bring with us the old seeds—
ambition,
desire for power,
the shadowed pursuit of becoming.

Each man,
struggling to rise above another,
wears a different mask,
but the drive is the same—
to be more,
to be seen,
to be secure.

And so,
conflict becomes the rhythm of our days.

You say you want peace—
but you dream of titles,

of position,
of recognition.
Do you not see?
Peace and ambition
can never walk together.

The root of this conflict
is the desire to be
what you are not.

Can you see this clearly—
not as an idea,
but as a flame
consuming your being?

If you truly see it,
then ambition drops away
like a leaf in autumn.
And in that falling,
something else is born—
a stillness,
a clarity,
a love for what is.

To do what you love,
not for gain,
not to shine above others,
but because you are it—
that is the beginning
of a life without conflict.

The child who plants a tree,
the hand that paints without pride,
the mind that inquires
without fear—
such a life
needs no success.

This is not a dream,
nor an ideal to reach.
It is the simple truth
of a mind unclouded by comparison.

So, find out what you love,
not what you must do.
Refuse the groove of tradition,
step out of fear,

and listen—
not to what society wants,
but to what your own silence reveals.

There lies a dignity
no medal can offer.
There begins a revolution
that has no slogans,
only compassion.

POEM – 24

The Art of Seeing

We read from books,
maps of distant lands,
names of stars and rivers,
how birds nest,
how empires rose and fell—
and we call this learning.

But is there not another flame
burning quietly behind the eyes?
A seeing that is not taught,
a knowing that is not remembered?

To see the boat on the water,
its sail mirrored in the stillness—
and not name it, not frame it,
but be with it—
that is the beginning of true learning.

Yet the mind stores, hoards,
files each joy, each sorrow,
and from the dust of memory,
thought arises—
a shadow of what was.

We think we think,
but we mostly remember.
We compare, we judge,
we react from the known.

To see the woman
bent under the weight of firewood,
to watch the rich in their carriages,
the beggar at the gate—
without naming,
without conclusion—
this is to meet life.

Not through the veil of belief,
not with the filter of ideology—
but nakedly, wholly,
with no wall between observer and observed.

For in the moment of pure perception,
a strange thing happens—
there is no ‘me’ and ‘that,’
no distance, no division.

Only seeing.
Only being.

In that seeing,
love begins.
Not emotion, not sentiment—
but the quiet flowering
of a mind free of prejudice.

This is not in books.
Not in rituals.
Not in borrowed prayers.

It is in the watching of the leaf fall,
the hearing of laughter,
the awareness of death and birth,
the delight in a moving train
or the shape of a cloud.

To watch without resistance—
that is learning.

To feel without conclusion—
that is clarity.

And in that silent understanding,
love arises,
and with it,
the meaning of all life.

POEM – 25

The Mirror of the Mind

Have you ever sat
in perfect stillness—
not to silence the mind,
but to let it speak?

Have you watched it move,
as wind across the water—
the ripple of thought,
the echo of feeling,
the stir of memory rising like mist?

Not to judge it,
not to stop it,
but to watch,
as one watches a film unrolling—
the drama of belief,
the habit of fear,
the inherited voices of tradition.

We think we are separate—
you, and I, and society—
but are we not the very shape
that society has made?

The clothes we wear,
the gods we worship,
the books we read,
the dreams we inherit—
these are the bricks of our inner walls.

And in this prison
we seek rebellion,
not to leave the walls,
but to repaint them—
a brighter cell,
a louder song,
a more “just” caste.

Yet revolt within the prison
is still captivity.
Freedom is not a bigger window—

it is to step out entirely.

To watch the movement of the mind

without interference,

without correcting,

without measuring—

this is the true beginning.

Not in borrowed truths,

not in reformers' slogans,

not in slogans or systems—

but in the mirror of your own watching

you see the whole world.

Your mind is not yours alone—

it is the mind of humanity:

the cry of the child,

the fear of the beggar,

the pride of the ruler,

the weight of ten thousand years.

And when you see this—

not as an idea,

but as a living flame—

then compassion is born,
not taught, not cultivated.

From this perception,
love flows—
not the love of possession,
nor the love of approval—
but the love that is
as wide as the sky
and as quiet as the dawn.

To see thus
is to be free.
To learn thus
is to be awake.

POEM – 26

Like the Rain Upon the Dust

Rain upon dry land—
what a sacred thing it is!
It washes the weary leaf,
it frees the soil from the burden
of yesterday's dust.

Can we too
wash our minds so?
Strip them clean
of tradition's grime,
of memory's weight,
of the knowledge we wear
as pride?

Each morning,
to rise fresh—
not burdened by the past
nor bound by borrowed names—
is to live again,

truly.

But look at the world—

divided by function,

and poisoned by status.

The principal above the pupil,

the minister above the man,

the parent above the child—

and with that height,

comes power,

fear,

and the death of love.

Yet what is a role

without pride,

a function without pedestal?

To cook,

to teach,

to govern,

to sweep the floor—

each act a rhythm in the song of life.

If only we could see—

there is no high or low

in love.

There is no nobility
in commanding another.

Let schools be places
where minds unfold like petals—
not out of fear,
but from freedom.
Not out of compulsion,
but through affection.

Let a child feel safe enough
to close the door
and sit alone,
not in hiding,
but in harmony.

For only in such stillness
will the soul bloom.
Only in such silence
can joy arise
without rebellion,
without resentment.

Where status ends,
freedom begins.
And where freedom breathes,
there is no mischief,
no cruelty,
only the flowering
of goodness.

POEM – 27

Let Love Do What It Will

They say,
“Be disciplined.
Be shaped.
Be made to fit
the mould of man.”
But why?

To obey?
To conform?
To adjust the flame
to the shape of the lamp?

Is freedom born
from the chains of rules?
Does truth arise
from the hammer of repetition?

Discipline—
they say—

is needed for order,
for virtue,
for peace.
But what is peace
when built upon suppression?

A mind tamed by control
is not a free mind.
It may be quiet,
but it is not still.
It may function,
but it does not flower.

Look within—
do you not see the war,
the pull of a thousand desires?
One hand clings to the world,
the other longs to renounce.
And in this conflict,
discipline is born—
not as a guide,
but as a cage.

Yet where there is no contradiction,
there is no compulsion.

When you do the right thing
not because you must,
but because it is whole,
timeless,
beautiful—
then there is no need
for restraint.

A heart in love
needs no rules.
The tree does not struggle
to reach the sky—
it grows,
because that is its nature.

To be integrated—
to be one in thought,
in feeling,
in action—
is to live without inner battle.
And such harmony

is not taught through fear,
but through understanding.
Such clarity
is not drilled into you,
but blooms
when you feel utterly at home,
secure in your being.

A new world is not born
from resistance,
but from love.

Let love do what it will—
not the love of sentiment,
but the love that sees,
that understands,
that moves without conflict.

Let love shape the child,
not discipline.

Let it bring order—

not imposed from without,
but rising from the depths within.

Only then
will we know
a new civilization—
not one of repression,
but of profound freedom.

POEM – 28

The Joy of Being Together

We speak of co-operation
as if it were a contract—
a plan drawn on paper,
a blueprint for progress,
a tool for building empires
or a path to salvation.

But such co-operation
is born of fear,
of reward,
of punishment,
of cunning agreements
and silent coercion.

Is it truly co-operation
when we act under threat,
or when the goal—
the bridge, the road,
the god, the plan—
matters more

than the being together?

True co-operation
is not the result of inducement,
not the mechanical act
of agreement between minds.
It is not compelled by kings,
or gods,
or flags,
or sacred books.

It is not
“I will do this if you do that.”
It is not
“I shall work if heaven is promised.”
It is not
fear of the stick
or hunger for the carrot.

Co-operation is a living flame
that flickers in the heart of a child—
not yet burdened
by the weight of gain,
not yet taught

the mathematics of barter.

Have you seen children play?

They join hands

without purpose,

without design—

they build a world

with mud and laughter.

That is co-operation.

But we,

the clever ones,

inject motive into it:

“If you help, you shall be rewarded.”

“If you don’t, you shall be left behind.”

Thus begins the corruption—

and the joy disappears.

To be together

without the shadow of expectation,

to do together

without the burden of result—

that is the sacred flame

we have lost.

And when this flame
burns bright again,
we will know
when to walk together—
and when to walk alone.

For true co-operation
is not blind.
It does not follow tyrants,
nor join hands with ambition.
It is born of clarity,
not compulsion.
It flows from love,
not ideology.

And when we co-operate
without seeking anything—
not even the future—
we are truly free,
and truly one.

POEM – 29

Leave the Pool, Enter the River

There is a pool beside the river—

narrow, green, unmoving.

It does not know the dance of fish,

the laughter of current,

or the breath of wide horizons.

Once, it was dug with care,

by hands that feared the river's depth.

Barricaded by walls of belief,

it chose stillness over movement,

safety over life.

But the river flows—

wild, impermanent, and vast.

It sings to the sky and kisses the roots of trees.

It knows no destination,

yet touches everything on the way.

You and I—
have we not built our own pools?
Names, titles, rituals, traditions—
a house of mirrors around the self,
longing for a permanence
that life never promised.

We seek to keep
what pleases us forever,
and hasten the end of pain.
So, we pray for tomorrow,
and fear the unknown wind
that might dissolve our walls.

But look again—
the river calls.
In its impermanence
there is a beauty the stagnant mind cannot see.
The naked tree knows it,
as it waits through winter
for the music of spring.

Life is not in the pool—
not in temples or chants,
not in the known,
not in the sacred name we repeat
to soothe our fear of silence.

Life is the river—
ceaseless, formless,
forever dying to be reborn.
And to live truly
is to flow with it,
without clinging, without anchoring,
without walls in the mind.

A mind that moves with life
has no need for beliefs.
It is not afraid to lose,
for it has nothing to keep.
It is not seeking God—
for in its very freedom,
it is sacred.

The river of life asks nothing of you
but that you leave your pool.

Then love will arise,
not cultivated, but fresh as rain—
and goodness will bloom,
not from discipline,
but from clarity.

So, leave the safety of your still waters.

Step into the stream
with empty hands
and an open heart.

Let life carry you—
for you are not apart from it.

You are the river.

POEM – 30

The Beauty That Has No Mirror

That green field glows beneath the sun,
yellow blossoms dance in the wind—
and a stream whispers secrets
to the roots of trees and time.

It is lovely, yes—
but have you looked beyond what pleases the eye?
Have you watched without naming,
without saying, this is beautiful,
or this is mine?

To see without choosing—
that is the beginning of beauty.

We are taught that grace lies
in manners, in posture, in polished words,
in clean shirts and punctual clocks.
But do these alone make one beautiful?
Or is there something deeper

that no mirror can reflect?
The smile may be charming,
but is the heart silent?
The voice may be sweet,
but is the mind still?

True beauty is not found in appearance—
not in the well-cut dress,
nor in the shape of a face,
but in the absence of the self
that seeks to be adorned.

The flower does not know it is beautiful.
It simply blooms.

A mind that is free from ambition,
from the itch to be important—
that mind has a gentleness
the world cannot imitate.

It is inward goodness—
not cultivated, not polished,
not displayed like a medal—

but flowing, simple, whole.

And when the mind is no longer concerned
with its own becoming,
then it begins to love.

Not someone. Not something.

Just... love.

In that flame of love,
there is no image of God,
no altar, no ritual, no borrowed belief.
Only the sacredness
of watching the sky as it is,
of feeling the ache of another's sorrow,
of meeting both joy and filth
with a heart that does not turn away.

Such a mind, sensitive to all life,
is beauty.

It is not a possession,
not a photograph to frame,
but the fragrance of a life
lived without walls.

POEM – 31

The Flame That Learns Without Smoke

You go to school to learn,
to fill your mind with facts,
to pass the tests, to earn your bread—
but is that all there is?

They say, “Learn to remember,
learn to compare,
learn to become something better.”
And we call this learning.

But what is learning
when it is chained to a past?
Is it still learning—
or merely repetition with a polished mask?

You learn from books,
from wounds, from smiles,
from failures, from praise—

but all this is experience filtered
through the dust of what you were told to be.
Experience builds a wall of memory,
and within those walls
you paint fresher pictures—
but the prison remains.

You think you are learning,
but are you?
Or are you only shaping
new cages from the old?

True learning begins
when the mind is free,
not grasping, not resisting,
not collecting souvenirs of thought.

To learn is not to possess—
it is to be in communion
with what is, without naming it,
without wanting to keep it.

A mind that is not weighed down
by what it has gathered—
that mind can see the leaf fall,
the cloud drift, the child weep,
and it learns from the movement itself.

In such seeing,
there is no teacher,
no student,
no method,
no path.

There is only the flame
that burns without smoke—
a light that inquires,
not to find,
but to dissolve the fog.

That is real learning:
not the climb to become,
but the stillness to see.
And from this stillness,
truth unfolds—fresh, wild, unknown.

POEM – 32

From Loneliness to the Flame of Being

In a world of constant noise,
we seek to be anywhere but with ourselves.
We crave the page, the screen, the voice—
the endless turning away from silence.

We are spectators of life,
not the players of its quiet music.
To be alone is feared,
for in that aloneness
the self is revealed—
naked, trembling,
without escape.

So, we fill the mind
with prayer and poetry,
with cinema and ritual,
with knowledge and gods,

to soften the ache
of a solitude we never understand.

But have you ever walked alone
not just in body, but in spirit—
without needing a book, a thought, a friend?
Not escaping, not searching,
just watching the tree,
the river's glint,
the bark of a dog,
the movement within the self?

That is awareness—
not the passive seeing,
not the judging,
but the flame that burns
through distraction and habit.

To be aware is to feel
without naming,
to see the mind in its masks,
to touch every sound, every shadow,
without clinging to any.

And in this awareness,
when loneliness is not run from,
but seen with still eyes—
a great aloneness unfolds.

Not isolation,
not despair—
but a clarity,
a freedom from need,
from becoming.

That is the aloneness
which is not loneliness.

It is the still flower of a mind
that no longer reaches for comfort,
and therefore knows compassion.

In that aloneness,
there is no one to be entertained,
no one to escape—
only being,
alert and unbroken.

This flame,
this gentle fire without smoke,
is what it means to be truly alive—
not in resistance,
but in quiet communion
with the whole movement of life.

POEM – 33

The Beauty That Does Not Pluck

A man in robes walks past the garden—
his eyes not quiet, but filled with hunger.
Hands that once folded in worship
now strip the flowers in haste
for a god that does not see,
for a stone that does not breathe.

And children, too,
pluck without reverence—
talking, laughing, tearing petals
only to cast them away.

Have you seen yourself in this?
Breaking a twig,
shredding leaves,
dragging your hand across the living
as though it were already dead?

This is not play—
this is the dullness of a heart
that does not feel.

To be sensitive
is not to follow rules,
nor to fear the elder's gaze,
nor to rise when commanded.

It is to feel the soft suffering
of a branch torn too soon,
to lift a stone from the path
not because you are told—
but because bare feet will follow.

It is to see the glimmer
of morning dew on a blade of grass
and not crush it
in your rush to be somewhere else.

To love
is not to barter affection
for comfort, praise, or return.

It is to offer the flower
not to a lifeless idol,
but to the moment itself—
to beauty unpossessed.

Without this flame
your life will be a clever machine,
your eyes polished,
your manners intact,
your name remembered—
but your heart,
a withered stone.

The world teaches ambition,
but the heart that truly loves
needs no teaching.

It sees,
it feels,
it does not destroy.

And when there is love,
there is no need to seek God.
For love is that sacred stillness

which asks for nothing
and gives without measure.

Let the flower remain—
on its stem,
in sunlight,
in wind.

To behold it and not pluck—
that is the first breath of love.

POEM – 34

The Courage to See

I said a lie—
and the world moved on,
but within,
a flicker of flame began to burn.

Not the fire of guilt
that seeks to be soothed,
nor the heat of excuse
that hides behind reasons.

But a fire of seeing—
clear, naked, whole.

If I say,
“I lied because I was afraid,”
or
“I had to protect someone,”
or
“There was no other way,”

I build a path away from truth.
The moment I explain,
I escape.
The lie, then, is no longer seen—
it is covered, rationalized,
made palatable by thought.

But if I say,
“I lied,”
and say no more,
then the mirror remains unclouded.

In that stillness of seeing
without the noise of why,
without the dressing of justification—
truth has a chance to enter.

The seeing is the action.
The flame of attention
burns away the lie,
not through effort,
but through light.

To lie is human.

To see the lie without running—
that is awareness.

And in that awareness,
there is no becoming—
only the ending.

POEM – 35

When You See the Cobra

When you see the cobra,
you do not discuss.
You do not weigh its venom
against your curiosity.
You do not consult
a book on serpents.

You move.
You step back.
You walk away—
perhaps you run.

There is no thought in that moment.
No ideology, no belief,
no argument about
whether it's right or wrong to fear.

You see, and you act.

But when you see violence—
in yourself,
in another,
in the world—
you do not move.

You name it,
justify it,
defend it,
postpone its ending
with plans for peace
tomorrow.

But violence is the cobra,
and seeing it is not thought.
It is flame,
immediate,
total.

When you see its danger—
not as an idea,
but as a living truth—
you stop.

Not because you should,
but because you see.

Only in that seeing,
untouched by motive or memory,
does action flower.

Only then is the war over—
not in the world,
but in the heart
that has seen.

POEM – 36

When You Want Something, It Is Not Love

You kneel before the guru,
fold your hands,
touch his feet with reverence—
but your heart is calculating.

You do not bow in love,
you bow in hope.
You bow to receive,
to be transformed,
to be delivered.

You do not see the man—
you see a mirror
of your desires.

You say:
“Teach me the truth.
Show me the light.

Free me from my suffering.”

But all the while,

you are trading.

Bartering.

Worshipping your own becoming.

And you call this love.

But love does not kneel

to receive.

It kneels in stillness,

without asking.

It does not seek enlightenment.

It does not follow footsteps

or form traditions.

Love does not beg—

it sees.

And when it sees clearly,

without the smoke of longing,

without the shadow of gain,

then the teacher and the taught vanish.

Only the flame remains.

That flame is love.

That flame is light.

And it cannot be given—

because it was never apart.

POEM – 37

The Seed of Conflict

A problem is born
when the mind divides,
when what is
stands apart
from what should be.

In that split—
conflict flowers.

The ache to become,
to arrive,
to be more than what is seen—
this is the root of effort.

Effort:
the chisel of thought
carving out an image,
an ideal,
a tomorrow

to escape today.
And behind that effort,
quietly hiding,
is desire—
not the flame of life,
but the shadow
cast by thought's longing.

Thought says:
“You are not enough.
You must be better.
You must change,
reach,
strive.”

And in that striving
lies sorrow—
for what is
has been denied.

Can you see the movement
of this whole thing?
Not to control it,

not to fix it,
but to see—
as you would see a storm
gathering over the sea.

When there is no contradiction,
there is no conflict.

When there is no conflict,
there is no effort.

And when there is no effort,
there is only silence—
a stillness without centre,
without motive.

In that stillness,
life simply is.

POEM – 38

The Veil of Yesterday

We walk through life
not with open eyes,
but through the veil of yesterday—
through echoes,
through shadows
cast by memory.

Each moment
is filtered
through what has been:
the smile remembered,
the wound still aching,
the hope deferred,
the name, the face, the story.

We do not meet
what is—
we meet what was.

And so, the present
is never truly seen.
It is shaped,
measured,
compared—
and made familiar
by the past.

This meeting of old with new
births contradiction:
the past seeking to control
the flow of now.

And in that contradiction
lies effort—
the struggle to become,
to adjust,
to defend,
to reach.

From effort springs fear—
the fear of losing what was,
the fear of what might be.

But when memory is quiet,
when the past has no voice,
then the present
unfolds
like a flower in sunlight—
untouched,
uncontrolled,
immense.

And in that pure encounter
there is no effort,
no fear—
only seeing,
only being.

POEM – 39

The Flame of Total Attention

Have you ever looked—
with your whole being,
not casually, not through thought,
but with that still, burning flame
of total attention?

To attend
is not to strain,
not to grasp,
not to reach through memory's hands—
but to be utterly present,
mind and heart undivided,
as if the world began now.

But are you listening?
Truly listening?
Not just to these words,
but to the whisper of trees,
the cry of the street,

the silence between breaths?
When you give yourself wholly
to the moment—
not in fragments,
not through the lens of becoming,
but in full simplicity—
then distortion falls away.

Effort is distortion.
Comparison is distortion.
Desire, ambition, fear—
these cloud the seeing eye.

Truth is not in books,
not in temples,
not in another's words.
It is in the act of seeing,
without the seer.

Only a mind free of effort,
a heart empty of motive,
can come upon that which is sacred.

Then, and only then,
life is lived fully—
not as a journey to arrive,
but as a flame
that burns in stillness
without end.

POEM – 40

True Revolution

When the space between
the watcher and the watched
melts like mist in morning light,
then begins the revolution—
not of banners or blood,
but of clarity.

When the observer dissolves,
there is only the flame,
burning in stillness,
seen not through pleasure,
nor shaped by pain—
but known in love,
without the knower.

Love, then, is not a word,
nor a longing, nor a gift to barter—
it is the disappearance of separation.
No me. No you.

Just the flowering of being
in beauty untouched by thought.

The mind seeks silence—
through effort, through method,
through the subtle violence
of repetition and resistance.
But what thought brings
is not silence—
only the shadow of quiet.

The silence that is sacred
cannot be summoned.
It arrives when the mind
no longer hungers to control itself,
when the heart is free
of all becoming.

This silence
is not absence—
it is presence,
immense,
alive,

immeasurable.

And in that boundless stillness,
not born of discipline,
nor born of time,
a door opens
without hand or key—
a door into the timeless,
into the holy,
into what words cannot hold.

No teacher, no temple,
no sacred book
can lead you there.

You must walk alone—
but in that aloneness,
all things are.

And this,
this is the true revolution:
the ending of the known,
the birth of sacredness—
not beyond the world,
but in the seeing of it.

POEM – 41

The Silent Flame of Aloneness

Isolation is the shadow
cast by the self's demand to be,
to be protected, enclosed,
secure in separation.

It builds its walls
from memory and fear,
from the known and the named,
and calls it safety.

But within those walls
the mind decays,
drifting in fragments,
lost in its own echo.

Isolation is not aloneness.
It is resistance.
It is the noise
of a self seeking permanence.

But aloneness—
aloneness is a flame
burning quietly without smoke.
It excludes nothing
and belongs to no one.

Aloneness is not withdrawal,
not escape from the world,
but attention without centre,
observation without motive.

It is not born of fear
but of freedom—
freedom from the known,
from the burden of becoming.

A mind that is alone
is not broken away,
but whole—
and in that wholeness,
there is clarity.

In aloneness,
truth is not sought—
it is seen.

For the mind
that walks without resistance
meets life not as the past,
but as it is.

aloneness—
It is not born of escape
nor wrapped in sorrow.

Aloneness is clarity—
not separation,
but freedom from the known.

It is the flame
of a mind wholly attentive,
watching without resistance,
feeling without fear.

In that silence,

not constructed by thought,
there is no centre,

no border to defend,
no other to oppose.

Aloneness is the vastness
where truth is not remembered,
but revealed.

It is the sacred
without temple or name,
the beauty of being
without becoming.

To live alone—not lonely—
is to walk with the whole
and not the fragment.

It is the end of effort—
and the beginning
of seeing.

POEM - 42

The Ending of Violence

It begins not in the clenched fist,
nor in the tanks that roll,
but in the mind—
divided,
ambitious,
afraid.

We say,
“How terrible,”
watching fire in foreign lands,
but the flame was kindled
long ago
in our own hearts.

In the shout at a child,
in the comparison of self with another,
in the pursuit to be someone,
to become something.

Violence is not just
the dropping of bombs,
but the silent war
of desire and fear
played behind the face of respectability.

We build nations
on division,
call patriotism a virtue,
call competition progress,
and are shocked
by the blood that follows.

But the real revolution
is not in protest or parade,
not in the slogans or flags,
but in the heart
that sees.

Sees—not as an idea,
but as fire—
the danger,

the horror
of violence in all its forms.

And in that seeing,
not in effort,
but in understanding,
violence ends.

Not tomorrow,
not by degrees,
but instantly,
when the mind sees
what is.

Such seeing
is love.

And love
has no opposite.

POEM – 43

The Cage of the Known

We live in circles,
drawn by thought,
etched by memory—
a cage
painted to look like freedom.

We walk its perimeter,
calling it progress,
calling it life.

Each step,
a repetition of what was told—
what parents said,
what priests proclaimed,
what we read,
what we feared.

And so we say we know.
We say we are free.

But we move
not with wonder,
but within the lines of habit.

Our thoughts are echoes.
Our choices, reactions.
Our freedom, a name.

We seek meaning
inside the prison,
hoping walls will whisper truth.

But truth is not there.
Not in the cage,
not in the conclusion,
not in the comfort of belief.

To find out,
I must not carry
my past into the future.

I must step beyond
without knowing what lies ahead.

If I say,
“Beyond this is peace,”
I am still within—
trapped by my own imagining.

The breaking
is not gradual.
It is not willed.

It happens
when the mind sees
the cage as the cage.

Not to escape,
but to see.

And in that seeing,
there is a flame—
and in the flame,
a way of being
that is not bound
by thought.

POEM – 44

The Death of Yesterday

Die to yesterday—
to the memory,
to the me,
to all that thought has gathered
like dust upon the mirror of the mind.

Die to the smile that praised you,
to the wound that haunted you,
to the scriptures,
to the unfulfilled dreams,
to the name etched in ambition.

Let it all go—
the family photograph,
the book unwritten,
the temple bell and the guru's glance.
Die to the comfort of belief.

What you call tomorrow
is only yesterday
repeating itself with painted lips.

And when death comes,
as it must,
it asks not for your gods,
your hopes,
your well-practiced mantras.

It strips you
bare.

So why not die now—
not bodily,
but inwardly,
to everything you hold dear
in thought?

Let the known fall away.
Let memory lose its grip.
Let the mind be fresh—
not tomorrow,

but now.

You believe

because you're afraid to end.

You hope

because you cannot live

without continuity.

But the new

can never be

where the old still lingers.

Reincarnation is another comfort,

resurrection another postponement,

and the afterlife

a mirror reflecting fear.

The beauty is in the ending—

not in sorrow,

not in grief—

but in the stillness

that follows

when yesterday dies completely.

Then, perhaps,
you will know what it means
to live.

POEM – 45

The Silence Without Continuity

You tasted silence—
a breathless stillness not born of effort,
a moment unmarked by time.

And now you chase it,
store it as memory,
wrap it in thought,
longing for its return.

But what returns
is not silence—
only the shadow of what was,
the echo of a moment
no longer alive.

Silence has no continuity.
It is not yesterday's calm
carried forward into today.
It is not a possession

to hold or revisit.
It comes unasked,
uninvited—
when the mind is free
of all seeking,
when the heart
no longer measures.

To lay the foundation
is to be simple,
to be clear,
to live without becoming.

And then, perhaps,
silence arrives
like light through a window
that was always open.

But the moment you name it,
recall it,
crave it—
it is gone.

So too with love.
If it stretches into time,
it is memory,
not love.

Love has no past.
It burns without fuel.
It flowers in freedom,
not in desire.

You do not see the beauty of this—
that the eternal
is not continuous,
but timeless.

And to live in that silence
is to live
without yesterday.

POEM – 46

The Golden Path of Silence

That morning,
the sea forgot to move.
It became a mirror—
a still eye of the cosmos,
where stars lay softly
upon its quiet skin.

The cliffs stood watch.
The lights of the distant town
hung like breathless whispers
on the surface of the world.

And then,
from a horizon unbroken,
light rose without violence—
a golden path
poured gently across the waters,
as if time had exhaled
and stopped.

Stillness entered—not invited,
but present,
not felt by the body,
not formed by thought.
It was not an experience;
it was the absence of the experiencer.

The brain, once a restless tide,
grew quiet.
Not asleep, not dulled,
but awake in silence
beyond its own imagining.
In that immense stillness,
you were not.

There was no you
to stand apart from tree,
or sea,
or light,
or sky.
There was only that—
the totality,
the indivisible whole

where love
was not felt
but was.

You walked not on sand,
but in silence.
You saw not the hills,
but were them.
Not through dream,
not through seeking—
but through the falling away
of all that sought.

Meditation was not a method,
nor a discipline,
nor a breath to count.
It was that flame
which needed no fuel,
that space
where thought had no shadow,
and heart,
no anchor.

To walk alone
in that solitude
is not to be lonely.
It is to be free—
from the name,
from the past,
from the tear
hidden beneath the smile.

And in that freedom,
as dawn touches earth,
a golden path
appears once more—
not to follow,
but to be.

It was there in the beginning,
it is now,
and it shall be
whenever the “me”
is not.

POEM – 47

The Dullness of a Preoccupied Mind

You pass the tree,
but do not see its stillness.
The ant walks a journey of meaning,
but your eyes are blind to it.
The sky burns with the hush of stars,
but your mind is already elsewhere—
churning the noise of tomorrow.

To be sensitive—
is not to merely react,
but to feel,
with every fiber of your being,
the presence of life,
as it is—
the squalor and the rose,
the crow and the dove,
the shout of a child and
the silence of a dying leaf.

But the mind,
forever occupied with itself,
with its needs,
its ambitions,
its endless comparisons—
has no time to see.

And so,
it grows heavy,
dull,
insensitive.

It dreams,
not from silence,
but from residue—
from the clutter it carried
through the day.

To be sensitive
is not to escape,
but to remain utterly awake—
to the wrinkle on a stranger's face,
to the garbage on the street,
to the way a leaf trembles in the wind,

to the tired voice of your own mother.

To be aware—

without naming,

without judging,

without condemning.

Just watch.

And in that watching,

there is a beauty,

not born of thought,

but of attention—

pure, unchosen,

alive.

POEM – 48

To Watch Without the Watcher

Most of us pass through life
as though wrapped in fog—
not the mist of morning,
but the fog of ourselves.

Our minds,
so tightly wound around “me,”
have forgotten
the whisper of a tree,
the movement of an ant
on a sun-warmed stone,
the rough cry of the crow
as dusk settles.

To be sensitive
is not sentimentality,
nor soft emotion.
It is to see the world without a veil—
without the veil of thought,

the veil of habit,
the veil of becoming.

It is to hear your boss's harsh word
without resistance,
to feel the chaos of your home
without condemnation,
to see your neighbor's sorrow
without trying to fix it.

But we are too busy—
our problems, our desires,
our ambitions, our memories—
like a wheel that never stops.
And so the mind becomes dull,
slow, mechanical,
repeating yesterday
in a thousand disguises.

In sleep,
what is unresolved dreams.
In waking,
what is unresolved speaks

through anxiety, through distraction,
through the ache of discontent.

But if you can look—
without translating,
without naming—
just look—
at the dust on the windowsill,
at the beggar in the rain,
at your own thoughts as they arise—
then something shifts.

There is no need to judge.
No need to become.
Just a flame of attention—
without motive,
without time.

That flame is clarity.
That flame is compassion.
That flame is the beginning
of a truly sensitive mind.

POEM – 49

The End of Ambition

Life is not small.

It has no centre,

no boundary,

no path to follow.

It is not yours

or mine—

it simply is—

vast, formless, sacred.

But the petty mind,

coiled in the corner of itself,

hunts for more—

more knowledge,

more fame,

even the golden promise

of heaven.

Such a mind,

driven by ambition,
cannot see the sky.
It sees only its cage,
and calls it purpose.

Even the desire
to find truth,
to reach the divine,
is a mask
of the self.

But when all ambition ends—
not by will,
not by discipline,
but because it has no meaning—
then a strange silence comes.

Not the silence
put together by thought,
but the silence
that is
when thought ends.

And in that silence,
the brain is still.
And that stillness
is not of man.

In that stillness,
life is seen—
not as a thought,
not as an idea,
but as it is—
immeasurable.

POEM – 50

The Presence Without Concept

You ask,
and I reply—
yet the reply is but a thread of memory,
a word drawn from the stream of the past.

The name is not the dwelling.
The word is not the reality.
It is thought naming the nameless,
time defining the timeless.

From this naming,
the world has woven its divisions:
this country, that country,
this belief, that faith.
And in these fragments,
we have sown conflict.

We kill,
we suffer,

we defend shadows
as though they were truth.

But in relationship,
is there place for the shadow?
Can love abide where concept divides?

True relationship is the meeting
beyond the screen of thought,
where the mind does not carry
the weight of the known.

In that quiet,
where thought falls silent,
where the past does not intrude,
there is only what is.

In the flame of that presence,
love flowers—
effortless, whole,
beyond all division.

POEM – 51

The Weight of Knowledge

We live in the shadow of yesterday.

The past breathes through us,
its experiences etched deep,
becoming knowledge.

That knowledge guides the hand,
steers the wheel,
prevents the fall —
and yet,
it casts a veil upon the living moment.

In relationship,
knowledge stands between:
the image of you,
the image of me,
and so we do not truly meet.

The brain, burdened by accumulation,
moves in grooves already carved,

mechanical, repetitive,
a machine repeating what it knows.

Discipline of study,
discipline of thought —
the mind absorbs, stores, names,
till all becomes confined
to its narrow field.

Sociology, philosophy, belief —
piles upon piles of words,
while the vast sky of life
grows dim and distant.

Knowledge,
which serves to survive,
also imprisons the mind.

The brain,
heavy with knowing,
forgets the art of seeing.

Only in the ending of accumulation,
in the freshness of unknowing,
does life reveal its infinite depth —
silent, sacred, whole.

POEM – 52

When Thought Divides the Flesh

The body —

a vessel of life's movement,

a rhythm of digestion, elimination, and birth.

It breathes, it hungers, it rests, it decays.

In its essence, there is no glory,

no shame, no superiority, no inferiority.

It is neither mine nor yours —

it simply is.

Across the earth, in bird, in beast, in man,

the same pulse flows,

the same organs perform their silent duties,

the same processes sustain existence.

There is no self in this movement,

no identity resting within its skin.

There is nothing greater in another body than in your own.

The structure is the same —

the same digestive system,

the same excretory system,
the same reproductive system.
The difference is only in the images thought creates.

But thought, cunning and restless,
looks upon this natural rhythm
and wraps it with images —
of beauty and ugliness, of strength and weakness,
of race and nation, of caste and class,
of superiority and inferiority.

The mind says:
“This is my body.”
“I am beautiful.”
“I must preserve, adorn, display, and defend.”
“I must possess what I desire.”

Thus begins the great illusion —
the fragmentation of life,
the carving of difference where none exists,
the rise of pride, craving, envy, and sorrow.

It is thought that builds the fortress of division,

where conflict breeds —
between bodies, between faces, between colours,
between the old and the young,
between the strong and the frail.

But life itself is causeless —
not to be explained or measured —
meant only to be lived,
not tomorrow, not yesterday,
but in the alert, active, ever-new present.

When the mind is quiet,
when the false creations of thought are seen for what they
are,
the body is simply the body,
like the tree that sways,
the river that flows,
the bird that flies,
and the star that burns.

In that clear seeing,
images end,
division ends,

comparison dissolves,
and the sacred flame of pure awareness
shines without a name.

In that silence,
life is whole —
and wholeness is sacred.

POEM – 53

The Ending of the False

To see what is false,
one must watch the movement of thought —
the cunning architect of illusion,
the builder of separateness,
whispering: “I am apart from you.”

Thought, in its restless hunger,
seeks comfort in belief,
in gods fashioned by fear,
in faith born from uncertainty,
in shadows cast by its own trembling.

As long as fear remains,
the mind worships its own creation —
praying to the image it has shaped
while fleeing the emptiness it dreads.

But when fear ends,
when the mind ceases to seek security

in the fragile structures of thought,
there is no longer a god to find —
for then I am that immeasurable life itself,
not separate, not divided.

There is no search for comfort,
no longing for security,
no refuge in superstition,
for the house of illusion has been swept clean.

In that freedom,
beyond all images and beliefs,
there awakens an instrument untouched by thought —
a flame of pure perception,
a seeing that simply is.

And in that seeing,
truth is.

POEM – 54

When Thought Touches the Timeless

At the silent core of life,
there is nothingness —
a vast emptiness,
without centre, without boundary,
a flame of choiceless awareness.

It is not born,
nor does it die.
It neither gathers nor possesses.
It simply is —
pure, unmeasured, unbroken.

But thought,
conditioned through millennia,
cannot remain still.
It enters like a whisper into this vastness,
weaving its web of division,
of measurement, of becoming.

It intrudes with possession:

This is mine; that is yours.

It measures with jealousy,

divides with fear,

accumulates with desire,

compares with pride.

And thus, the simple beauty of being

is lost beneath the burden of becoming.

The mind, trapped in its own structure,

seeks security in images it has created,

never seeing that its search is the very root of its sorrow.

The problem of humanity

is not in the world outside,

but in the silent seeping of thought

into the sacred space of awareness.

But when the mind sees this intrusion,

without resistance, without choice,

thought falls away naturally —

like a leaf that has completed its season.

In that pure seeing,

the timeless lives again —
empty, whole, uncorrupted.
In that nothingness,
there is the beauty of all life.

Echoes of Awareness – Series 2

In a world crowded by thought and restless becoming, *Echoes of Awareness Series 2* invites the reader to simply observe.

Inspired by the insights of Jiddu Krishnamurti, these poetic reflections gently explore the illusions of self, time, desire, and the movement of thought.

They are not teachings to follow, but mirrors that reveal.

In the silent observation of what is, the mind touches freedom, love, and the sacredness that cannot be sought.

This book is a companion for those who wish to encounter life without resistance—to enter to the timeless flame of seeing.

Dr. P. V. Rao
Consultant Surgeon

